THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, March 30, 1801.

To the PRINTER.

SIR, *Redruth, March* 15, 1801.

I Should be obliged by the inſertion of the following letter in your Entertainer.

Your's ſincerely,

A TINNER.

Loyal Tinner's Anſwer to the Invitation to Inſurrection.

GENTLEMEN OF HELSTONE,

I received a few days ſince a letter, ſigned "Bonaparte of England," in which I am invited, with my comrades, to produce an inſurrection in this pariſh, and extend my efforts to the neighbouring ones; with other hints to excite my neighbours to the diabolical purpoſe of making diſturbances, and bringing my poor brethren into difficulties.

I beg leave to expreſs my horror of being the tool of ſuch unprincipled villainy; for being all my life time taught by my church to be contented in the ſituation in which it has pleaſed God to place me, I have ever combined the duties of a quiet ſubject to thoſe of a good Chriſtian, to ſerve God and honour my King, ſo far as it has pleaſed God to enlighten my mind: And, whilſt I beg you to conſider on better things, I will ſay for myſelf and neighbours, inſtead of lending our hands to ſhed each other's

blood, we will reſiſt, by all the means in our power, ſo infamous and unnatural wickedneſs; and will brand ſuch traitors to their King and country with a mark they ſhall carry with them to their grave, if they dare come amongſt us.

A LOYAL TINNER.

ONE AND ALL.

On the Culture of Wheat, with Remarks on its Scarcity, and comparative Prices.

[In Reply to the Enquiry inſerted in the Weekly Entertainer for March 2, 1801, page 176.]

THE following remarks are extracted from Hunter's admirable compilation, entitled "Georgical Eſſays:"

"When a farmer once becomes acquainted with the nature of the food of plants, he will find himſelf rationally inſtructed in the manner of compounding his dunghills, and the application of the various manures made uſe of in huſbandry.

"It is not ſufficient for the farmer to be acquainted with the nature of the different ſoils: he ſhould alſo know the ſhape of the roots of ſuch plants as are uſed in field huſbandry. The ſoil and roots are ſo intimately connected, that the knowledge of both becomes eſſential.

"I have ſelected the roots of wheat for the ſubject of the preſent eſſay. That grain being the moſt valuable, demands our greateſt attention.

"Wheat has two ſorts of roots: the firſt comes immediately from the grain; the other from the crown ſome time after: I ſhall diſtinguiſh theſe by ſeminal and coronal roots.

"The firſt, or ſeminal root, is puſhed out at the ſame time with the germ, which, together with the farina, nouriſhes the plant until it has formed its crown. When the crown has become ſufficiently large, it detaches a number of ſtrong fibres, which puſh themſelves obliquely downwards. Theſe are called the coronal roots: a ſmall pipe preſerves the communication between them and the ſeminal roots; it makes an eſſential part of the plant, and is obſerved to be longer or ſhorter, according to the depth that the ſeed was buried in the ground. It is remarkable, however, that the crown is always

always formed juſt within the ſurface: its place is the ſame whether the grain hath been ſown deep or ſuperficial.

" In the northern counties wheat is generally ſown late.

" In Switzerland wheat is ſown immediately after harveſt, on account of the froſt in that country; and experience has taught ſome in England, that wheat ought to be ſown on land that hath a northern aſpect, in October.

" When the froſt comes, the coronal roots, and the roots then young, are frequently chilled. This inconvenience, however, may be eaſily prevented, by ſowing more early and burying the ſeed deeper: the ſeminal roots being out of the reach of the froſt, will then be enabled to ſend up nouriſhment to the crown by the pipe of communication.

" Hence it is obvious, that wheat ſown ſuperficially, muſt be expoſed to the ſeverity of the froſt from the ſhortneſs of the pipe of communication. The plant in that ſituation has no benefit from its double root; on the contrary, when the grain has been properly covered, in due ſeaſon, the ſeminal and coronal roots are kept at a reaſonable diſtance; the crown, being well nouriſhed during the winter, ſends up numerous ſtalks in the ſpring.—On the tillering of the corn the goodneſs of the crop depends.

(To be continued.)

Anecdotes of Matthew Bellew, one of the Iriſh Rebel Generals.

[From Sir R. Muſgrave's Hiſtory of the Rebellions in Ireland.]

GENERAL BELLEW was deſcended from an ancient and reſpectable family in the county of Galway, and was nearly allied to Sir Patrick Bellew.

He was brother to Doctor Bellew, Roman Catholic Biſhop of Killala, and when that gentleman was at Rome, ſtudying divinity, their father ſent out his ſecond ſon, Matthew, to have him educated for the prieſthood, under his brother. He ſubmitted for ſome years, though reluctantly, to the courſe of ſtudy neceſſary to qualify him for the paſtoral office: but being of a lively volatile diſpoſition, and having formed ſome acquaintance at Rome, with ſome Auſtrian officers, who encouraged him to join them, he entered into the Imperial ſervice, and was ſoon after promoted to the rank of Lieutenant; but not finding ſufficient employment for the activity of his mind and body, at that time in Germany, he entered into the

Ruſſian ſervice, where he found ſufficient occupation for the energies of both, in the bloody war which broke out between the Ruſſians and Turks. Here his courage and conduct were ſo conſpicuous, that he was ſoon advanced to the rank of Major, in a regiment of infantry. His rapid career in military fame, of which he ever ſeemed immoderately fond, was ſuddenly checked by an unforeſeen accident.

At the ſiege of Iſmael, the enemy ſprung a mine, which blew up part of the works, and buried in the ruins our unfortunate hero, and many of the Ruſſian ſoldiers. Happy had he been, to have been numbered among the dead, and to finiſh his life like a ſoldier, as he had begun it! But Providence reſerved him for a more ignominious fate, and exemplied in him the uncertainty of human affairs.

In his early days he fought for glory in a foreign land, and fought with courage the battles of alien Princes. In his maturer years he incurred diſgrace and infamy at home, and took up arms againſt his lawful Sovereign and his native country. When extricated from the ruins he had but few ſymptoms of life; he languiſhed a long time under his wounds, and his intellects were ſo much impaired, that he was found unfit for ſervice. It was thought adviſeable to give him a long leave of abſence, and to let him return to his friends, in hopes that tranquillity and his native air would reſtore him.

Freſh misfortunes awaited him on his return to Ireland. As he had no fortune, he lived with his friends and his brother, on whom he had great dependence; but when the gloſs of novelty wore away they grew tired of him, and manifeſted by their conduct that they conſidered him a troubleſome and unwelcome gueſt. This drove him into low company, and a habit which he had acquired of drinking ſpirits, increaſed his derangement, and made him diſagreeable and offenſive. His brother having quarrelled with him refuſed to admit him into his houſe, and uſed to billet him among his prieſts, month about, a ſituation very diſagreeable to him, as he diſliked the principles, and was diſguſted with the ignorance and vulgarity of his hoſts, which in his gayer hours were a ſubject of merriment and ridicule to him. By the death of an uncle he became entitled to 600l. which he frequently ſolicited to carry him back to Ruſſia, but, notwithſtanding the moſt preſſing ſolicitations, he could not obtain it from his brother, who tranſacted the affairs of the deceaſed. He was frequently invited to the tables of the genteel families at Ballina, particularly by the Reverend Mr. Neligan, who was much

much entertained with the narratives of his adventures; but from the want of cloaths and cleanlineſs, and the filth and ſqualidneſs of his perſon, he ſoon became unfit for ſociety.

Being in this ſtate of miſery and wretchedneſs on the arrival of the French, he had not firmneſs and fortitude enough to reſiſt the temptation which they offered him to enter into their ſervice. His firſt offer, however, was to his King and country, and juſt as the enemy were about to enter Ballina, he earneſtly entreated Mr. Neligan and Mr. Weſt to ſupply him with arms and a horſe, declaring that he was ready to accompany them, and to ſhare their fortune. With this requeſt it was impoſſible at that time to comply. He was left then with no other reſource, but to fly or to join the enemy, and he embraced the latter. The French were happy to find a man who could ſpeak their language well, and who was likely to be uſeful to them, from his long experience in the military line; they therefore conferred on him the rank and dignity of General, in the army of the Iriſh republic. But as he continued to give way to his former habits of idleneſs and drunkenneſs, they found him rather an incumbrance than a benefit.

Incenſed againſt his brother for the indignities and ſlights which he had formerly received from him, he plundered his houſe of whatever he wanted, but the Doctor having been appointed by the French commandant, preſident of the municipal government of the town, had intereſt enough to get the General removed, and ſtationed at Killala.

Mindful of former kindneſſes conferred on him, he, previous to his departure from Ballina, poſted a note on the houſe of Mr. Neligan, denouncing vengeance upon any perſon who ſhould moleſt it; but his authority ceaſing with his preſence, they ſoon demoliſhed it.

At the approach of the King's troops to Killala, he refuſed to take up arms, or to march againſt them; though ſurrounded by a hoſt of pikemen. He was taken in the town, tried next day by a court-martial, and hanged. His dejection on his trial was ſuch, that he was incapable of making any rational defence. He was a man of quick and lively parts, very ſhrewd in his remarks on men and manners, and had much ſincerity and ingenuouſneſs in his conduct and converſation. He knew the French, German, Italian, and Sclavonian languages well, and ſpoke the firſt three with fluency and accuracy. It is much to be lamented, that a man who might have been a benefit and ornament to ſociety, ſhould, by a train of misfortunes to which he was not acceſſary, be

reduced

reduced to ſuch a ſtate of debaſement, and be finally driven to ſo ignominious an exit.

PARTICULARS *reſpecting the* PRETENDER.

[From the Poſthumous Works of the Preſident De Broſſes.]

I Viſited the King of England. He is treated here with all the reſpect due to acknowledged Majeſty. He lives in the Piazza de' Santi-Apoſtoli, in a vaſt houſe which has no beauty to recommend it. The papal troops mount guard at his habitation, as at Monte-Cavallo, and accompany him when he goes abroad—a thing which ſeldom happens to him. His houſehold is pretty numerous, as it includes ſome noblemen of his own nation who have remained attached to his intereſt, and who live with him. The moſt diſtinguiſhed of their number is Lord Dunbar, a Scot, a ſenſible and much eſteemed man, to whom, although profeſſing the proteſtant religion, he has entruſted the education of his children; a meaſure which may perhaps be conſidered as a ſtroke of policy.

The Pretender is eaſily recogniſable as a Stuart; ſo fully does he diſplay the family likeneſs. He is of lofty ſtature, ſlender, and bearing a ſtrong reſemblance in features to the portraits which we ſee of his father James the II. and even to the late Marechal de Berwick his natural brother, except that the Marechal's phyſiognomy was melancholy and ſtern, whereas that of the Pretender is melancholy and marked with boyiſh ſimplicity. In his manner he is not deſtitute of dignity; nor have I ever ſeen a Prince ever deport himſelf amid a numerous circle with equal grace and nobleneſs. He ſometimes entertains ſuch circles, notwithſtanding the retired life which he leads in conſequence of his age and circumſtances, both equally forbidding that external pomp which is the uſual concomitant of ſovereignty; while at the ſame time he is deſirous of rendering himſelf agreeable in a city to which he owes ſo many obligations. His ſole expenſe for any object of a ſhowy nature conſiſts in cauſing his young ſons occaſionally to treat the ladies with public fetes, at which he makes his appearance, and figures for an hour.

He is devout to exceſs: his entire morning is ſpent in prayers at the church of the Holy Apoſtles, near the tomb of his wife. Reſpecting his mental endowments I ſhall ſay nothing, as I am am not ſufficiently acquainted with them. Accord-

ing to appearances, they do not riſe above mediocrity: but his whole conduct is rational, and ſuch as beſeems his condition. Although I frequently have the honour of ſeeing him, he appears only for a moment on his return from church: after that he retires to his cloſet, which he does not again quit until he comes forth to dinner. He ſpeaks little, but with mildneſs and kindneſs, and withdraws in a ſhort while after the concluſion of the repaſt. The young Princes have at night a private ſupper, at which the King, who does not ſup, never appears. His table is every morning ſpread with eleven covers, for himſelf and ten perſons of his houſehold who habitually eat with him. When any Roman or foreign nobleman come to pay him their court, he uſually gives them, through one of his officers, an invitation to ſtay for dinner. As many of them as ſtay, ſo many of the individuals of his houſehold go to dine at another table. I have never been to wait on him, without having been deſired to ſtay. As he can entertain only a limited number, we are careful not to viſit him above two at a time. His table is decently furniſhed, but without oſtentation.

Theſe dinners are not calculated to afford amuſement: if nevertheleſs they caſually happen to produce any, the King ſeems pleaſed with the circumſtance. The young Princes have conceived a great fondneſs for Legouz. His lively gaiety delights them beyond expreſſion, and is not diſpleaſing to the King. When his Majeſty comes to table, his two ſons, before they take their ſeats, kneel down before him, and aſk his benediction. He uſually ſpeaks to them in Engliſh, and to others in Italian or French. The bottle from which he is ſerved remains conſtantly on the table, in the hands of one of his officers. It is a point of etiquette with his gueſts not to call for drink until he have drunk for the firſt time.

This Prince derives conſiderable ſupplies from France, from Spain, and particularly from the Apoſtolic Chamber. The ſums allowed to him by the latter muſt be great, ſince I have been informed that the queſtion had lately been diſcuſſed in the conſiſtory whether they ſhould not, in lieu of what he receives from them, confer on him the poſſeſſion of the dutchy of Urbino, of which the revenue is very conſiderable. Louis XIV. has ſettled on James II. a yearly income of a hundred thouſand livres,* payable by the Hotel-de-Ville, with

* Four thouſand one hundred and ſixty-ſix pounds, thirteen ſhillings, and four-pence, ſterling.

with a promiſe that it ſhould not in any caſe be diminiſhed. Latterly, however, it had ſuffered a diminution of one half: but the Pretender employed the mediation of De Tencin, Archbiſhop of Emburn, who obtained of our Court that it ſhould be re-eſtabliſhed on its former footing. As a token of his gratitude for that good office, the Pretender gave to the Archbiſhop his nomination to the dignity of Cardinal. Such is the account which paſſes current in public: but, in private, it is further ſaid that De Tencin on his part added to that ſervice a preſent of five hundred thouſand livres†, paid in ready money to the King of England.

There is no doubt that the Pretender derives alſo conſiderable ſums from thoſe who ſecretly favour him in England, and that he himſelf diſtributes ſtill more among his creatures there. That is the heavieſt expence which he has to encounter: but it is ſo indiſpenſable, that it cannot fail to ſtraiten him in every other. It is impoſſible to renounce the hope of recovering the crown in a country ſo ſubject to revolutions, and among a people equally venal as any other in Europe, notwithſtanding the proud republican ſpirit on which they value themſelves. Whether that hope be well founded is quite a different queſtion.

Of the two ſons of the Pretender, the elder is about twenty years old, the other fifteen. I need not inform you that they are here known by the titles of Prince of Wales and Duke of York. They both ſhew the family features: but the younger yet retains a very pretty boyiſh appearance. They are amiable, polite, graceful: they have no claim to ſuperiority of intellect; and their minds are leſs formed than thoſe of Princes ought to be at their age. The younger is greatly beloved in the city on account of his pleaſing figure and his engaging manners.

The Engliſh who ever abound in Rome, eagerly ſeek opportunities of ſeeing them. By the law of England it is prohibited, under pain of death, to ſet foot in the palace of the Stuarts, or to hold any intercourſe with them: but, as we mix a good deal with both parties, the Engliſh are glad to be informed by us of the public places where they may ſee the

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† Twenty thouſand eight hundred and thirty-three pounds, ſix ſhillings, and eight-pence, ſterling: or, if the reader think that price too high for a Cardinal's hat, perhaps we may be allowed to ſuppoſe a typographic error in the original—the ſum being printed in *figures*—and to reduce it to *fifty* thouſand livres, *i. e. two* thouſand and eighty-three pounds, ſix ſhillings, and eight-pence.

young Princes: they ask us to accompany them thither; and we observe that they speak with pleasure of the younger in particular.

I hear it however asserted by those who are thoroughly acquainted with both, that the elder is a much more estimable character, and is more beloved in the family; that he possesses goodness of heart, and great courage; that he sensibly feels his situation; and that, if he do not at some future period raise himself from it, the failure will not be imputable to a want of intrepidity. I have been informed, that, having been conducted in his early youth to the siege of Gaeta at the time of the conquest of the kingdom of Naples by the Spaniards, his hat fell into the sea during the passage; and, on somebody's attempting to pick it up, "No!" said he—"'tis not worth while. I must myself one day go to search for it, if affairs do not assume a new aspect."

As the Princes never go to the private assembles which are frequented by the English, I have not had an opportunity of seeing how they would mutually behave toward each other: but that will be discovered at the approaching carnival. The Ambassador* has announced his intention of going to see the masquerades and races at the French palace in the Corso, and of giving there a grand *fête*. He asked Lord Strafford and some other English noblemen whether they would not come, although the King of England and his sons were to be there. Strafford replied that the title was unknown to him at Rome, but that he would ever deem it an honour to himself to be seen in his Excellency's house, and to pay to respectable personages all the regard and attention due to them wherever they are.

The youg Princes are both passionately fond of music, and are perfectly well versed in it. The elder performs very well on the violoncello: the younger sings Italian airs in a sweet little childish voice, with the greatest taste. Once a week they have an exquisite concert, the most delightful in Rome. I never fail to attend it. Yesterday I entered while the band were performing the famous *concerto* of Corelli, called the *Notte di Natale*†, and I testified my regret that I had not come sooner, to hear the whole. When the piece was finished, and the performers preparing to proceed to something else, "No!" said the Prince of Wales. "Stop! Let us begin that concerto again: I have just heard Mon-

* The French Ambassador I presume.
† The Birth-night.

ſieur de Broſſes teſtify that he would be glad to hear it entire." I feel a pleaſure in noticing to you this *trait*, which announces great politeneſs and goodneſs of heart.

Sketch of the preſent State of the Iriſh Mountaineers.

THEIR cabins are moſtly divided into two apartments; a kitchen, where the women ſpin, nurſe their children, and dreſs the proviſions, and a room appropriated to repoſe.

Let us enter one of theſe lowly dwellings. At the farther ſide of the kitchen ſit a number of lively young women buſy at their ſpinning-wheels, while they ſing in concert one of the favourite love-ſongs of Carolan, or ſome other Iriſh bard. How ſimple and affecting are thoſe ſoothing ſounds! which are rendered ſtill more harmonious by the hum of the ſpinning-wheels, that, like the baſſoon or baſs-viol, ſoftens the clear notes of the female voice. It is now evening, and the labour of the day being finiſhed, the peaſant enters his cabin, lays down his ſpade, and, after welcoming us, ſits down at a reſpectful diſtance. Emboldened by our freedom of converſation, and our enquiries reſpecting the village, his awe ſoftens into that good-natured air of frankneſs, which evinces that man was intended to be a ſocial being. Proud of the honour we do him, he is deſirous to amuſe his viſitors, and diverts us with his legendary tales of the Iriſh giants, and the miracles of St. Patrick. Supper is now brought forward; it conſiſts of potatoes, bread, and milk, and we are earneſtly invited to participate the homely fare.

Thus the inhabitants of Glenmore and the other mountain villages, though a diſtinct and detached people, are not averſe to their lowland neighbours, but ſeem proud of a viſit from ſtrangers. Their characteriſtic hoſpitality has remained unimpaired through the lapſe of ages; and notwithſtanding the pains taken by their prieſts to prejudice their minds againſt the heretical Proteſtants as they are called, the mountaineers in general are remarkably officious to their more refined viſitors, and appear good natured and cheerful.

Indeed their contentment is the conſequence of their ignorance; and though ſome of their young men leave their native mountains and mingle in the more active ſcenes of civiliſed ſociety, yet by far the greater number voluntarily remain at home.

The mountaineers are ſomewhat lower in ſtature than the natives of the low lands. The men are generally of the middle

middle ſize; they are well formed, active, and hardy. Their viſage is round, their hair black, ſometimes long, but moſtly inclined to curl, and their complexion brown, or rather ſwarthy. The women are more graceful; their complexion is brown, though a few are delicately fair; their eyes are black or brown, and their hair long; they are ſo plump as to border on corpulence; and their faces are moſtly round, ſmooth, and unintereſting, being rather the image of good-nature than of ſenſibility. There are a few exceptions among them—girls whoſe ſymmetry of form and beauty of countenance would induce a poet to imagine them the female deities of their native mountains. Thoſe girls are ſlender, with fair complexions, light brown hair, and eyes of a moſt enchanting light blue, beaming with the luſtre of youthful health. Yet theſe charming creatures are inſenſible of their own attractions; and though their unmeaning ſimplicity of air may delight for a moment, yet on a more intimate acquaintance, the man of refinement is diſguſted with the vulgarity of their manners.

"Full many a flow'r is born to bluſh unſeen,
"And waſte its ſweetneſs on the deſert air."

Till within theſe few years the mountain villagers were unacquainted with the Engliſh language, but a circumſtance happened, which, fortunately for them, was the introduction not only of that excellent vehicle of knowledge, but of a more lucrative kind of induſtry than they had practiſed.

The river of Ravenſdale which flows along in the plains near the weſtern ſide of the mountains before-mentioned, invited enterpriſing men from Ulſter about thirty years ago. They built bleach-mills, and by introducing the linen buſineſs into the country, they prevailed upon the neighbouring mountaineers to work for a ſhilling a day, wages which to them appeared a treaſure. Thus by an intercourſe with the Proteſtants, the mountaineers gradually learned to converſe in Engliſh, and many of them can now communicate their ideas in that language with perſpicuity.

Their ignorance is owing to the want of education, and the cunning of their prieſts, who have gained ſuch an aſcendancy over their ſuperſtitious minds that they believe whatever nonſenſe is ſubſtituted inſtead of the pure precepts of Chriſtianity.

Every ſpring they receive abſolution from the prieſt. On this ſolemn occaſion they exert their recollection to the

utmoſt in order to render up a faithful account of all the ſins they have committed during the laſt year. Very young boys and girls are exempted from this farcical ceremony, but all thoſe who are arrived at maturity, aſſemble with the moſt ſolemn and penitential looks before the holy father, who gravely hears the confeſſion of each in private, and gives them abſolution and his benediction for ſixpence or a ſhilling each. The chearfulneſs and alacrity with which they return from confeſſion is inexpreſſible. They have cleared off the old account, and may lay in a new ſcore as ſoon as they pleaſe! Such opinions would have a moſt pernicious effect in a luxurious community, but in the quiet vallies above mentioned they rather promote the contentment of the ignorant peaſant.

During Lent the mountaineers abſtain from animal food, and would conſider it a crying ſin to let it touch their lips.

The mountaineers are accuſtomed to hardſhips from their infancy. Their children run barefoot among the tufts of heath, and the rocky mountains, even amid the rigour of winter. This gives them a callofity of nerve, and tends to ſtupify their mental faculties. The poets may expatiate on the efficacy of froſts in bracing the nerves and clearing the brain, but the experience of mankind proves, that mild climates, genial ſuns, and odorous breezes, are more conducive to genius and expanſion of mind.

At a very early period, perhaps ſeven years of age, the boys are employed in leading horſes at the plough or harrow, in weeding the potatoes and corn, and ſeveral of them are ſhepherds. The girls are taught to knit, ſew, card, and ſpin. Whatever ideas the children of both ſexes acquire from the traditionary tales of their parents and neighbours conſtitutes the whole of their knowledge, except the "palpable obſcure" of religion which their prieſts think proper to impart. Hence their ideas, like their wants, are few: they are healthy, and the pure air of their native hills gives them a charming vivacity of ſpirits.

DESCRIPTION *of the* TOMB *of* MAHOMET.

[From Niebuhr's Travels through Arabia, &c.]

THE tomb of Mahomet, at Medina, is held in reſpect by the Muſſulmans; but they are not obliged to viſit it in order to the performance of any devotional exerciſes; only,

as

as the caravans from Syria neceſſarily paſs near by Medina, in their return from Mecca, they turn aſide to behold the Prophet's tomb. I obtained from a Turk a drawing of the moſque in which the tomb ſtands: it is ſituate in a corner of the great ſquare. For fear that the people might ſuperſtitiouſly offer worſhip to the aſhes of the Prophet, the tomb is incloſed within iron rails, and is only to be ſeen by looking through theſe. It is of plain maſon work, in the form of a cheſt; and this is all the monument.

I could never learn the origin of the ridiculous ſtory, which has been circulated in Europe, concerning vaſt magnets ſaid to ſupport the coffin of Mahomet in the air. The tomb is placed between two other tombs, in which reſt the aſhes of the firſt two Caliphs, although not more magnificent than the tombs of the founders of moſt other moſques, the building that covers it is hung with a piece of ſilk ſtuff, embroidered with gold, which is renewed every ſeven years by the Pacha of Damaſcus.

Subſtance of the moſt intereſting Parts of the Travels of C. F. Damberger, a German, through the interior Parts of Africa, from the Cape of Good Hope to Morocco, between the Years 1781 *and* 1797.

[Continued from Page 210.]

OUR traveller having obtained ſome ſheep-ſkins to ſerve him for bedding and covering, notwithſtanding his appetite remained unſatisfied, reſigned himſelf to ſleep.—Early next morning a girl brought him ſome milk and a roaſted fiſh, which afforded him a comfortable meal. A few days after he left this horde, and before he had travelled far he came to ſix huts, the inhabitants of which he found were dreadfully afflicted with the ſmall-pox, and on that account were not permitted to have intercourſe with the inhabitants of the neighbouring huts. The next kraal he came to conſiſted of about ſeventy huts, where he met with a friendly reception. Travelling over a vale, near a brook which watered it, he kindled a fire on a ſpot where he "intended to paſs the night, but was prevented from ſleeping by the great number of large and ſmall ſnakes which were attracted by the fire. In the morning I ſaw alſo a great many baboons, ſeveral of which were three feet and half in height. They

were

were perched upon the neighbouring trees. I could not intimidate them, either by throwing ſtones at them, or by hallooing; ſeveral of them even came up to me, and ſtared me in the face.

"On account of theſe animals I could not ſtart early, but was obliged to wait until they had retired into the woods. On quitting the vale, I came to a fine plain, thinly interſperſed with huts. Not far from here is the boundary between the Jamatians and Muhatians, about half a day's journey from the river Makumba. I took the route towards the next horde, conſiſting of about forty huts, and was well received. The inhabitants danced around me, brought milk and millet-cakes, and ſhewed me great kindneſs. My company did not leave me till late in the night; my couch was aſſigned me before the hut of the chieftain, and covered with hides and ſkins, brought by the inhabitants.—When I awoke, I found a crowd aſſembled round me, and was regaled with a plentiful breakfaſt. I ſhould have been happy to have offered them ſome preſents in return, but having ſewed up my money in my waiſtcoat, I did not think fit to open it, leſt I ſhould tempt their rapacity. I reſolved to ſtay here a few days, to gather, if poſſible, ſome information reſpecting the neighbouring tribe, which, by ſome other kraals, had been deſcribed to me as a cruel and rapacious nation, but which, by what I could learn, did no injury to ſtrangers, when viſiting their kraal."

Damberger next gives ſome particulars reſpecting the Jamatians and their neighbours who conquered, "at the ſame time the kingdom of Angola from the ſouthern Caffres: but at what period of time this event took place cannot now be accurately determined. They themſelves ſay, that it happened *auroreup*, i. e. 300 years ago; but theſe years conſiſting of only ten lunar months, do not correſpond with an equal number of our years. Others place this conqueſt as far back as 400 years. The moſt probable opinion is, that the Jamatians invaded Angola at the time when the Portugueze landed on the African coaſt, and who endeavoured to propagate Chriſtianity by means of fire and ſword.

"The language of the Jamatians is no longer unmixed, many words and phraſes of it being borrowed from that of the ſouthern Caffres, ſeveral of whoſe cuſtoms they have likewiſe adopted. The following uſages are peculiar to this nation. The chief poſſeſſes an almoſt unlimited power over the horde; he enacts laws and inflicts puniſhments. Like the Caffres, they generally chooſe a gloomy day for the execution

ecution of their criminals. In war time they are commanded by their chief: but there being no proper ſubordination of ranks, every individual is in general left to act according to his judgment. Sometimes forty or fifty of them form themſelves into a cloſe body, and fall upon the enemy. If their leader be killed or badly wounded, they chooſe in his ſtead the perſon whom they think beſt qualified by his knowledge and courage. This nation may be eſtimated to conſiſt of about three thouſand ſouls. The men are moſtly employed in hunting, and the women in the management of domeſtic affairs, and in the care of the cattle. The father inſtructs the ſons, and the mother the daughters, in their reſpective employments; and the grandfather and grandmother teach them the maxims of morality and the religious ceremonies.

"The Jamatians, and many other African nations and tribes, have been accuſed of indolence: but I am convinced, that if laborious Europeans were tranſplanted into this country, they would not effect more than the natives. The exceſſive heat oppreſſes the labourer and exhauſts all his ſtrength: to which it may be added, that moſt of theſe tribes are deſtitute of proper tools and implements of huſbandry, ſuch as ſpades, rakes, and other agricultural inſtruments, and that the ground is ſometimes ſo parched and hard, that it is neceſſary to cleave it with a kind of axe. The preparing of the few acres which they ſow with millet and Indian corn, requires much time and labour. I obſerved here, that two ſtrong active men could not, with their tools, prepare in one day more than ſix ſquare feet of ground. After they have ſown the ſeed, they cover the earth with ſand, two inches deep, to prevent the moiſture from evaporating too quickly, and the ground from cracking, if exceſſive heat ſhould immediately ſucceed to rain.

"It is not then to be wondered at, that they neglect the cultivation of the ſoil; as from hunting, fiſhing, and the keeping of numerous herds of cattle, they can derive greater advantages with leſs toil and trouble. The Jamatians are indeed much addicted to pillage: but they are ſeldom guilty of murder, nor do they ever devour their priſoners. Several European travellers, who pretend to have viſited this nation, aſſert that the Jamatians were very fond of human fleſh; but the aſſertion is not true, at leaſt, I never met with an inſtance of cannibaliſm among them. A traveller who underſtands their language has nothing to fear; eſpecially if he be badly dreſſed, and carry no article of value about him.

"They

" They bury the dead at a diſtance from the kraal: and the relatives of the deceaſed keep up a fire on the grave for three days, that ſo wild beaſts may not be attracted by the ſcent of the dead body. Few perſons die in the kraal. The ſick are in general removed to huts ſituated at ſome diſtance from it; for the Jamatians believe every diſeaſe to be infectious, and that it is the duty of thoſe in health to endeavour to eſcape the infections by every precaution in their power.

" After a reſidence of three weeks among them, I left the kraal of the Jamatians, and purſued my journey in a direction more to the north than the eaſt, hoping thus to be able to croſs the Macumbo with leſs difficulty. Having travelled through a beautiful plain, five German miles in length, and half a mile in breadth, I, towards evening, paſſed the river on a raft which I had made for that purpoſe. On the oppoſite bank I kindled a fire, reſolving to halt there for the night. My cloaths being full of vermin, I here burnt them, preſerving only my waiſtcoat, in the lining of which I had ſewed my money. Some gems-bocks approaching cloſe to the fire, I had the good fortune to kill one of them with my hatchet, and roaſted part of the carcaſe for my ſupper."

(To be continued.)

IRISH BULL.

AN Iriſhman purchaſed the ſixteenth of a lottery-ticket, for which, as tickets were high, he paid a guinea and half. In a few days it came up a twenty-pound prize, for which, on application at the lottery-office, he received three and twenty ſhillings. " Well," ſays Pat, " I am glad it is no worſe. As it was but a twenty-pound, I have only loſt eight-and-ſixpence; but, by Jaſus, if it had been a twenty-thouſand I ſhould have been ruined."

A REFLECTION.

DETESTED be the monſter who, taking advantage of the diſtreſſes of his country, and regarding only his own intereſt, will ſpeculate to ſtarve his fellow creatures.

Anſwer, by R. Baker, of Poole, to J. Bulgin's Charade, inſerted January 19.

"GO ſearch Devonia's fertile plains,
" 'Tis there my whole is ſeen,"
You ſaid, I've ſearch'd, and for my pains
Find HARTLAND's what you mean.

*** We have received the like anſwer from Serjeant Whittle, of the Upway Volunteers; Walter Bickham, jun. of Aſhburton; T. Webber, jun. and R. Sellick, jun. Tiverton; T. Taylor, of Bridgewater; Serjeant Aſh, of the Exminſter Volunteers; T. Churchouſe, Yeovil; H. Humphries, Egbert Moon, and J. Squance, of Exeter; W. Brock, of Evercreech; W. H. of Briſtol; R. C. Cockell; Philom. of Teingmouth; G. Coulman, of Broadhempſton; and W. B. and R. Baker, of Poole.

A REBUS, *by P. Gove, of Exeter.*

SAy, generous youths, what language can expreſs
The joy and glory that illume the place,
Where that my firſt, in robes of righteouſneſs,
Illuſtrious ſhines with a diſtinguiſh'd grace?

If you immortal glory wiſh to ſhare,
And in the realms of light and life to reign,
Make then my ſecond your delight and care,
And you as ſurely will the ſame obtain.

There you will view my third, and be with joy
Will welcome you upon the bliſsful ſhore,
Where pain and death ſhall never more annoy,
Where ſickneſs and diſtreſs can vex no more.

There, far beyond what now your thoughts pourtray,
Your heart's deſire, or language can expreſs,
You will enjoy my fourth thro' endleſs day,
Nor can enjoyment ever make it leſs.

With adoration, and with fervour bright,
You in my next will ever be employ'd,
Its ſacred duties yield increas'd delight,
Nor will you in it ever be annoy'd.

For there my next ſhines forth in bright array,
No jarring ſtrife, no diſcord ſtrikes the ear;
There peace and harmony their powers diſplay,
Celeſtial joy, and each perfection there.

While thro' the glorious realms th' angelic choirs
Loud Hallelujahs! to my ſeventh raiſe,
True emulation every tongue inſpires,
Enraptur'd ſound in melody of praiſe.

There, thro' the countleſs ages of my next,
When earth, and all the planetary train,
Shall be extinct, and not one veſtige left,
" But ſun and firmament be ſought in vain."

My loud and univerſal next will ſing
With all the glorious hoſts, in ſtrains divine;
While Heaven's eternal arch with muſic rings,
And glory! glory! in full radiance ſhine.

My next you will enjoy without decay,
No ſick'ning blaſt will ever tinge its hue;
Its roſes there will flouriſh bright and gay,
With tints eternal, glorious to the view.

There with my next, innumerable hoſt,
Whoſe golden harps with melody reſound!
And with the perfect ſpirits of the juſt
With bliſs and glory ever will be crown'd.

There you will know, will better aſcertain,
How that my next great work was fully wrought;
Your guilty ſouls were ſav'd from endleſs pain,
Which far ſurpaſſes every human thought.

The heights and now unfathomable depths
Of my ſurprizing next you then will know;
Will better comprehend its length and breadth,
Conceiv'd but faintly now by man below.

Then for my earthly next, loſt by man's fall,
You will a brighter and a purer gain;
A heavenly one, to be enjoy'd by all
The faithful followers of the Lamb once ſlain.

No more my laſt, with its deluſive wiles,
Can ever tempt, or ever there appear;
True holineſs, with its benignant ſmiles,
Illumes each ſoul, and has its centre there.

Diſcerning youths, theſe parts you'll rightly name;
Connect the initials, and you then will view,
A military character of fame—
Riſe, riſe, ye bards! and give the praiſe that's due.

POETRY.

The BATTLE *of* BLENHEIM.

By ROBERT SOUTHEY.

IT was a ſummer evening,
Old Kaſpar's work was done;
And he before his cottage door
Was ſitting in the ſun,
And by him ſported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She ſaw her brother Peterkin
Roll ſomething large and round,
That he beſide the rivulet
In playing there had found;
He came to aſk what he had found,
That was ſo large, and ſmooth, and round.

Old Kaſpar took it from the boy,
Who ſtood expectant by;
And then the old man ſhook his head,
And with a natural ſigh,
"'Tis ſome poor fellow's ſcull," ſaid he,
"Who fell in the great victory.

"I find them in the garden, for
"There's many here about,
"And often when I go to plough,
"The plough-ſhare turns them out;
"For many thouſand men," ſaid he,
"Were ſlain in the great victory."

"Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
Young Peterkin he cries,
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes;
"Now tell us all about the war,
"And what they kill'd each other for."

"It was the Engliſh," Kaſpar cried,
"That put the French to rout;
"But what they kill'd each other for
"I could not well make out.
"But every body ſaid," quoth he,
"That 'twas a famous victory.

"My father liv'd at Blenheim then,
"Yon little ſtream hard by,
"They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
"And he was forc'd to fly;
"So with his wife and child he fled,
"Nor had he where to reſt his head.

"With fire and ſword the country round
"Was waſted far and wide,

"And

" And many a childing mother then,
" And new-born infant died.
" But things like that, you know, muſt be
" At every famous victory.

" They ſay it was a ſhocking ſight
" After the field was won,
" For many thouſand bodies here
" Lay rotting in the ſun;
" But things like that, you know, muſt be
" After a famous victory.

" Great praiſe the Duke of Malbro' won,
" And our good Prince Eugene"—
" Why 'twas a very wicked thing!"
Said little Wilhelmine.
" Nay—nay, my little girl," quoth he,
" It was a famous victory.

" And every body prais'd the Duke,
" Who ſuch a fight did win"—
" But what good came of it at laſt?"
Quoth little Peterkin.
" Why that I cannot tell," ſaid he,
" But 'twas a famous victory."

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

LINES *on the* HARMONY *of* NATURE.

WHEN Sol withdraws the ſacred lamp of day,
And hides in weſtern waves his feeble ray;
When cooling zephyrs breathe their ſweet perfumes,
And Philomel her plaintive note reſumes;
Oft by the banks of purling ſtreams I ſtray,
Where flow'rets deck'd in all the pride of May,
Their lovely hues, and various tints diſplay,
Where nature's charms combine with ſmiles ſerene
In happy uniſon to grace the ſcene.
All ſeem alive, tho' none are ſeen to move,
And all declare alike their Maker's love.

Sweet ſcene for meditation and repoſe!
Where nature's ſelf ſuch various ſubjects ſhows.
What happy harmony pervades the whole!
All live and act by nature's vaſt controul.
Freſh cauſe of admiration meets our eyes,
And but in vain man's penetration tries,
Subjects that loud demands our humble praiſe,
And claim, with reaſon claim, a poet's lays;
One who in thoughts divine unequall'd ſhines,
And with his lays the heav'nly theme refines.
Such ſtrains ſublime to majeſty belong,
And need an angel's aid to inſpire the ſong.

Tiverton. JUVENIS.